A POINTER FOR PENNY-A-LINERS



NE day unto a business friend

bard his ballads brought.

To get an estimate of them

And find out what he thought.

"You may not say that I am shy,'

One ballad sweet began;

Then, with a twinkle in his eye.

As read The wile business man He said:

Do as I say, and your rank verse You'll sell as sure as fate: If you will break that ballad up,

> This way: 'You may

Not say

That I

Am shy,'

You'll get four times the rate!"

AMENDED.

REAT trees from little acorns grow "
The poet said, but mercy me! heat aches from little toe corns grow," He'd said had he been fixed like me!

WHAT HE WANTED.



DUBLISHER (impatiently): Well sir, what is it?

Poet (timidly): O-er-are you Mr.

Publisher (irritably): Ves.

Poet (more timidly): Mr. George Job-

patterner (excitably): Yes, sir, that's

limidly still); Of the firm of Messes Johson and Doodle?

Publisher (angrily) : Yes. What do you

Doet Oh-I want to see Mr. Doodle,-

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THE HONEYMOON PAPERS-7.



T was May the tenth, a lovely evening, that Mrs. Bruceline Chubb chose for her confession

to her doting husband, Algernon. They had enjoyed at dinner a bottle of old port, a present from Edith Compacker and unexcelled by any Chicaro vintage of recent

Algernon was smoking a cigarette, gazing dreamily into the curling smoke, while Bruceline sat staring at the cunning little wicker basket in which the bottle of burgundy had reposed.

Involuntarily the words of an old song rose to her lips :

" Empty is the cradle, baby's gone."

Why, she wondered, was a bottle rest ever called by the name most sacred to young mothers?

Just then her eyes rested on the gas jet and she burst into tears. With inexpressible solicitude Algernon heard this:

"You know, darling," she faltered, "how much we thought it would aid me if we used gas for fuel. I did not let you know, when we used to speak of gas stoves in a light joking manner, how deep an impression the idea was making on me. But now I feel that I must tell you all. And I will begin at the beginning.

"April 2-1 remember the day as though it were only yesterday-I slipped out of the house and went down to the gas office in Long Acre square. The gas stoves in the show windows glittered in the morning sun and exerted a strange fascination over me I tried to resist it, but before ! realized what I had done I had signed an order for the company to put in a gas stove, the kind named 'Perfect,' with a boiler warranted to heat water in twenty minutes. Then I paid for the stove in advance, and came home and waited.

"On April 5, Algernon, you remember noticing strange men hanging about the front door? You asked if they were rob-



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bers or tramps. They were the gasmen waiting with the stove until you had gone It looked so beautiful, so clean, after they had set it that I knew you would be glad when you discovered what I had done.

"Some way it didn't work just right, though, and I went down to the office again, and the men you thought were robbers came back, and they kept on coming back on April 12th, 17th, 20th, and 23d. The waters that I hoped would see he and bubble in twenty minutes used to get lukewarm in fifty minutes. On April 24th the men came back, looked at the gas stove and boiler and said they were all right. They were such kind, polite men I always believed them. But somehow or other they weren't all right.

"But Algernon, the worst is untold. The gas stove at last sprang aleak-I wasn't surprised, it had been inspected so much. The 24th of last month when the gasmen left here they promised me faithfully they would return the next day and fix it. They did come back on the 25th, and again on the 28th, but on the 30th the leak was worse than ever." She sobbed pitifully.

"This morning I went to the gas office again, and at 2 o'clock a boy came up and looked at the stove, and said he couldn't do anything, but his brother would come the first thing to-morrow morning!

"But, oh, Algernon, just suppose his brother can't do anything either!"

J. P. B.

HE FORGOT



LERGYMAN (to Sunday golfer) : There is a Commandment which says " Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Golfer: Ah, I have such a bad memory. Pick-Me-Up.

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